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September Rain.

O sweet September rain!
I hear it fall upon the garden beds,
Freshening the blossoms which begin to wane;
Or 'tis a spirit who treads
The humid alleys through—
Whose light wings rustle in the avenue—
Whose breath is like the rose,
When to the dawn its petals first unclose.

Swift, swift the dancing lines,
Flash on the water, brim the dusky pool,
Brim the white cups of bindweed, where it twines
Amid the hedgerows cool,
Eastward cloud-shadows drift
Where the wet Autumn breeze is flying swift—
Bending the poplar tree—
Chasing white sails along the misty sea.

Drenching the dry brown turf,
Softening the naked corn-land for the plow,
Fretting with bells of foam the eddying surf,
Leading the heavy bough
With moisture whose relief
Blakes the hot thirst of every porous leaf—
O sweet September rain!
We welcome thee across the Western main.

This earth is very fair,
Whereon with careless, thankless hearts we stand:
A sphere of marvels is this coiling air,
Girdling the fertile land;
There the cloud-islands lie—
There the tempests do arise and die—
The rain is cradled there,
Falls on the round world, makes it green and fair.

Unfelt, unseen, unheard,
The rain comes sudden from the concave sky;
Even so the human spirit oft is stirred
Most imperceptibly;
Rustle as if of rain
Heard in the chambers of our heart's lone fane—
Breath as of freshened flowers
Whose odor perished in the sultry hours.

A mystery lurks within
Our hearts; we live a false factitious life.
Earth trembles with inexpiable sin:
Wherefore its outer life
Falls gross upon our ears,
Deadening the delicate music of the spheres—
Seems unto us the best,
So that we know not love, we know not rest.

Only sometimes we lie
Where Autumn sunshine streams like purple wine
Through dusky branches, gazing on the sky,
And shadowy dreams divine,
Our troubled hearts invest
With the faint fantasy of utter rest—
And for one moment we
Hear the long wave roll of the Infinite Sea.

J. S. Bach.

(TRANSLATED FOR THIS JOURNAL FROM THE
"DEUTSCHE MUSIK-ZEITUNG" OF VIENNA.)

Arias from various Cantatas, with Piano-forte accompaniment,
arranged by ROBERT FRANZ. Four sets (9 Alto, 9 Bass, 9
Soprano, 9 Tenor Arias). Leipzig: F. Whistling; Boston:
O. Ditson & Co.

(Concluded from page 198.)

To these principles we must accord our unqualified assent, especially when we consider the discretion and piety, with which he has everywhere applied them. FRANZ enjoyed already a good reputation in the musical Present, and it has already been shown in these pages, how much he has learned from BACH. Hence we must approach the work with a prepossession in its favor.

And in fact it bears witness unequivocally of an eminent gift in Franz for seizing the innermost nature of Bach, and for so reproducing it, that at every step new lights spring up for us to show the wonderful splendor latent in his works. We regard the work as *one of the most eminent artistic achievements both of Franz himself, and of these latter times.* The reproduction of Bach's works in this form announces not only the most consummate mastery of technique, not only a great and truly productive skill in overcoming all the difficulties of such an undertaking; but, what is much more, the capacity of merging himself in Bach's very spirit, of *thinking musically in his sense*, and of giving full expression to his often only indicated intentions. And herein rules, as one may read clearly enough between the lines of the preface, not the mere interest in form, not the soulless pedantry of strict historical objectivity, but *the genuine artistic, and therefore the alone availing purpose, to bring before us, by all the means at his command and suited to the case, the eternally true spiritual meaning, the poetic feeling of the Arias.* How surprisingly successful he has been in this, in every case, any one will convince himself, who will compare the arrangement with the original; every one, who knows Bach somewhat, will have the impression, that what he heretofore had only a dim suspicion of in him, is brought out into full clearness through this work; to the most he will show himself from *an entirely new side*; the prejudice about antiquatedness, one-sidedness, &c., must vanish before the charm of euphony, of poetic immediateness and of universal human truth, which meets us here, and which will make him outlast all the changes of taste and of ages.

The carrying out of the organ part is done with great care; the conduct of the voices (parts) is always smooth and fluent; frequent turns are interspersed, borrowed from the musical matter of the rest of the accompaniment, which thus contribute very aptly to the animation of single parts. This is by no means contrary to the sense of Bach, who in the performance of his Cantatas used to take the organ part himself, and must certainly have interwoven here and there a multitude of most interesting details. Besides, the arranger here, as everywhere, has gone to work with foresight and fine taste. Everywhere you see, that Bach himself has been his teacher. In shifting the position of the parts in the accompaniment, as is sometimes demanded in the interests of euphony, the orchestral coloring of the modern pianism, and his own long accredited skill in the use of it, served him in good stead.

The difficulties, which must have arisen for a portion of the public through this sort of arrangement, very properly have moved him to no concession, which would have trenches too nearly on the claims of the work itself; for the sole determining end with him had to be, to present these noble things once more in a garb that corresponds as nearly as possible to their intrinsic

worth. Only by these means was it possible for him to write orchestrally, and yet at the same time in a manner suited to the pianoforte. We hold that his solution of this problem has been exceedingly successful; especially since Franz has been able in this manner to take in a multitude of little traits, which are passed over in an ordinary pianoforte arrangement, but which often contribute not a little to the characteristic beauty of the piece. Especially may this arrangement be regarded as a *model of an excellent pianoforte style, since it unites the solidity of the old with the euphony of the new forms in a peculiar and unprecedented manner.* This is not the place to enter into particulars about this; for in our whole discussion we have but slightly touched a multitude of points, which really deserved a fuller illustration and a deeper analysis. But one thing requires especial mention; namely, that this piano style, in spite of its thoroughly modern color—particularly as regards the placing of the parts and fullness of sound—yet wholly preserves the fundamental character of Bach's pianoforte as well as instrumental technique, its wonderful conduct of the individual parts. Not only in the vocal movements has every part with Bach its individual, personal character, but almost everywhere; the peculiarity of Bach's harmony consists not so much in beautiful successions of chords, as in the euphony of independent parts running along together, whereby larger harmonic bodies, or (so to speak) moving organisms arise, which only become intelligible as a whole, and have their chief charm not in the simultaneous sounding of note upon note (chords), but in the live mingling and companionship of several streams of tone (melodic parts). To keep uninjured the mysterious charm of this entirely unique polyphony; to guard its progressions, conditioned as they are on all sides, alike in their preparations and in their effects, and never wholly isolated; in many cases imitating, in others fitly modifying;—to reproduce its beautiful transparency, symmetry, fluidity, &c.; to lay on neither too harsh, nor too faint colors, and yet to write in a way suited to the piano and suited to the player:—all this presupposes an exceedingly fine connoisseurship in the Bach style and a singularly well cultivated ear.

Franz's arrangement unites all these excellencies in a perfection never before reached; and this is a point, which cannot be urgently enough commended to the attention of our younger composers especially, but also to pianists. For the modern piano-forte style threatens more and more to degenerate into empty virtuoso glitter and hollow formalism, unless it shall condescend to take up into itself vital elements of an old, approved piano technique, especially a stricter conduct of the parts. The mere "intention," be it poetical or not, does not avail; and SCHUMANN as well as CHOPIN had studied BACH very thoroughly.—This work also proves, that the highest poesy and a solid form are no irreconcilable opposites.—The on the whole unimportant modifications in

the voice part, which we meet with, are always referable to a good reason and bespeak taste and a fine ear. Often a greater support has been given to the voice in the accompaniment, than the score indicates—a very desirable auxiliary, facilitating the practical execution.—Also, in respect to the abbreviations, which the editor has undertaken, we agree with him entirely; he has done it in a way that shows tact and fine judgment. Perhaps many would have deemed a more extensive freedom in this point desirable, especially as it regards the longer interludes, or the like; and possibly many of the Arias might have gained in penetrating power by a yet greater conciseness; but who will draw the line once for all?

Finally, the execution marks, affixed with great fidelity and care, deserve thanks, especially from the less initiated. They give the most direct suggestion of the manner of execution which the arranger has conceived, and point at the same time to a method of singing, which to be sure does not look very much like that now in vogue, but which for Bach's sake alone deserves the most careful consideration.—We simply refer in this connection to the excellent remarks in the arranger's preface, which treat of it at length.

We scarcely need remark, after what has been said, that we regard the work before us as an extremely valuable contribution, both to the understanding of Bach, and to the stimulating and reviving of a genuine artistic feeling. Hence we can only, in concluding, express our heartfelt thanks to the editor for this genuine artistic deed full of noble piety towards the great master, full of moral earnestness and deep enthusiasm for the true weal of our Future both in an artistic and a moral point of view. No one will take the work in hand, without feeling a breath of the spirit that was alive in Bach; no earnest musician will study it without receiving the warmest impulse; no unsophisticated soul will drink therefrom, without a glorious delight and without the feeling of being lifted above itself so the beholding of eternal clearness and beauty.

[For the London Musical World and Dwight's Journal of Music.]

Dussik, Dussek, Duschek.

We next find Dussek in Berlin, in 1784.

This was the period of the great popularity of Franklins harmonica and instrument makers were everywhere endeavoring to find some sort of key apparatus to take the place of the wet fingers in producing the tone. In Berlin two men in particular, unknown to each other, were then endeavoring to solve the problem; Röllig, a very accomplished Viennese, distinguished afterwards for several interesting musical inventions, and a certain Hessel, whom Gerber calls a mechanician of St. Petersburg, but who according to Röllig (in a letter to the Leipz. Mus. Zeitung, Feb. 1803) was an excellent portrait painter from Curland. These two men accomplished their object each in his own way. Röllig afterward travelled extensively with his instrument, upon which he was very skillful, while Hessel's passed into the hands of young Dussek. Gerber says in the *old Lexicon*,* writing at the latest in the win-

* Gerber's "Lexicon der Tonkünstler" is in two parts, that of 1792 in 2 vols., and that of 1812-14 in 4 vols. The latter is not a new edition of the former but its complement and supplement. One must have both. The preface to the "old Lexicon" is dated March 26, 1790.

ter of 1789-90, "I remember still with pleasure having been witness in Cassel in 1785 of the extraordinary skill, precision and rapidity of both hands of this great artist upon the pianoforte, and of his learned and judicious execution upon the keyed harmonica. He was then traveling to exhibit the instrument. It was in no way different from the ordinary harmonica, except that the glasses were put in motion by a treadle and band, and were arranged in three rows instead of one for the greater convenience of adapting the keys."

In his notice of Hessel, Gerber says, after copying a description of the instrument, "I can testify to the correctness of this description, as I heard Herr Dussik play upon the very instrument here described in Cassel in 1785. He enchanted all his auditors, by a slow, harmonic introduction full of learned modulations, followed by the choral "Allein Gott in der Höh sey Ehr." He however at that time claimed the instrument as his own invention."

"But not alone as a performer" continues Gerber, "but also as composer, this young man (Dussek) takes a superior rank among the Germans. There have already appeared from his pen,

3 Pianoforte Concertos with accompaniment Op. I., at the Hague.

6 Pianoforte Sonatas with 1 violin., Op. II. Hague.

6 Pianoforte Sonatas with 1 violin, Op. III. Hague.

3 P. F. Sonatas with Violin and Violoncello, printed at Berlin in 1786; and finally

3 Easy (Kleine) do., at Paris, Op. 1.

"Judging from the Berlin publications the ruling qualities of his compositions are uncommon delicacy and the finest taste combined with fire, invention and great knowledge of harmony. There would be nothing left to wish, if this fire and this richness of invention did not too often mislead him into forgetting the art of expressing his ideas within due limits."

From Cassel Dussek made his way to the Electoral court at Mainz (Mentz) "where he gained the favor of the nobility and the affection of distinguished 'tone-artists,'" (Dlabacz.)

In 1786 he went on to Paris with the *Hofmeister* (Steward?) of the French Ambassador at Berlin, where he played in the presence of the Queen Marie Antoinette, who granted him her protection. (Do.)

Gerber makes him go thence directly to London; but Dlabacz says "notwithstanding this (i.e. the favor of the Queen) he was forced away from Paris by his longing to see Italy. So he journeyed to Milan, where he gave concerts both upon the pianoforte and the keyed Harmonica and won the universal respect of the Italian musicians. Similar proofs of regard were shown him on many occasions by Germans and the distinguished Saxon capellmeister Ernst assured his (Dussek's) father in a very friendly and for the son most flattering letter, that, when passing through Dresden, he had gained the high opinion not only of the entire Electoral orchestra but of the Elector himself and of all the court."

Means are wanting to trace him through the years 1787-9—probably English publications may supply them—but Gerber says he had gained firm footing in London as teacher of the pianoforte in 1790, and Dlabacz mentions the "princess" of York as one of his pupils.

Joseph Haydn, too, found him in London and thought so highly of him as to write to the elder Dussik in Czaslau, as follows:

"Most Worthy Friend!

"I thank you from my heart, that you, in your last letter to your Herr Son, have also remembered me. I therefore double my compliments in return, and consider myself fortunate in being able to assure you, that you have one of the most upright, moral and, in music most eminent of men, for a son. I love him just as you do, for he fully deserves it. Give him then daily a father's blessing and then will he be ever fortunate—which I heartily wish him for his great talents. I am with all respects your most sincere friend,

JOSEPH HAYDN.

London, Feb. 26, 1792.

"About 1792, Dussek married Miss Corri, who was the principal singer at the London Professional concerts, he being concerto player to the same and playing in 'a style of incredible perfection.'" (Gerber.)

In 1796 (?) he established in company with Corri, his father-in-law, a music publishing house, which had the title "Music sellers to their Majesties, and their royal highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duchess of York." (Gerber.)

But the English part of Dussek's life must be left to some other person; I will pass on to his advent again upon German soil.

In the L. M. Zeitung Feb. 5, 1800, a correspondent says "the celebrated Dussek from London is at present in Hamburg." He had come thither, says Gerber, in January," as they say to push the publications of his house." There is a story, however, that a love affair had something to do with his sudden appearance in the German seaport.

March 5, the L. M. Z. correspondent says, "Steibelt and Dussek from London were here for some time. The latter, who, as I learn at this moment, is still here, 'let himself be heard,' in several solos on the pianoforte at the Harmonie."

It appears from a list of public concerts in Hamburg afterwards sent to the L. M. Zeitung, that during this year (1800) Dussek gave one on Feb. 24th and a second April 17th in the "Eimbeck House," and that, March 5th 1801, in the same place, at a concert given by Düssart a singer from Berlin, he played a sonata of his own for four hands on "a very beautiful English pianoforte by Clementi"—the other player being Musikdirektor Schwenke.

On the 23d of April, 1801, Himmel, the Berlin Capellmeister gave a concert in Freemason's hall, in Hamburg. Among the pieces given was a sonata by Himmel for two pianofortes, played by the concert-giver and Dussek. Such a sonata, says the correspondent, "played by two such perfect performers, upon two very beautiful and equal English instruments could not be otherwise than perfectly executed." At the close of his letter, which is dated "May, 1801," the writer returns to Dussek, thus; "As you know, the with good reason so renowned pianist, Dussek, has been with us for the last year and a half and has performed several times in public. What pleasure people take in making comparisons; and so in this case. Some prefer Himmel; others Dussek; and as to others, they could not make up their minds. For myself, Dussek seems both as performer and composer for the pianoforte,—although his compositions for correctness fall

somewhat behind those of Himmel, yet for their greater originality and characteristic touches—to merit the higher place. As to mere execution—but only in this one, single respect—is Woelfl stronger than either. Herr Himmel, it is said, is going to St. Petersburg; Herr Dussek, it seems, finds a still longer stay with us agreeable.”

Although in the following notice Dussek is barely mentioned, still the other names in it will justify its insertion. It is from the *L. M. Zeitung* Vol. III. 835.

“Ottensen (a large, populous village, close by Altona, on the Elbe) Aug. 2, 1801.

“Yesterday Herr Braham (properly Abraham) and Madame Storaci [sic], who have come hither via Vienna from Naples, and for whom the celebrated Cimarosa composed his last opera, gave, in Herr Rainville's beautiful hall, a concert which was very brilliant, both for the distinguished artists engaged in it and for the largeness of the audience, notwithstanding the price of admission was a ducat.

Herr Braham has a voice of great flexibility and of extraordinary compass; almost all imaginable passages, ornaments and runs, he executes with astounding precision, certainty and clearness; the only trouble is that he overburdens all simple natural melody with his embellishments. Mad. Storaci, a well known singer these twenty years past, is nothing extraordinary. Herr Jar-novick [Giarnowichi] played a new concerto for the violin composed by himself, and Herr Dussek performed upon the pianoforte. The receipts amounted to about 700 Ducats.”

I find no notices of Dussek during the winter 1801-2, but a few months later Dlabacz records his appearance in Prague, and his visit in company with his sister, Mad. Cianchettini, to their parents in Czeslau. Oct. 26th (1802) Dussek gave in the Convict hall in Prague a grand concert, with the following programme,

1. Symphony by Joseph Haydn.
2. Pianoforte Concerto composed and played by Dussek.
3. Andante for grand orchestra, Mozart.
4. Extemporaneous fantasia, Dussek.
5. Another Concerto by him.

“Everybody was carried away by his masterly treatment of his instrument” says father D., “Dussek now journeyed,” he continues, “via Czeslau, where he spent some months with his parents, to Vienna, and appeared there in public with the same unanimous applause.”

Here occurs another confusion of dates; for Dlabacz, the *L. M. Zeitung*, and Tomaschek (in his autobiography) are hardly to be reconciled; but having no means of deciding between them, I give the passages from each, and leave the matter to judge and jury. Apparently Dlabacz is wrong in making Dussek go from Prague to Vienna. I find nowhere any contemporary notice of his being there in those years—while the notices in the *L. M. Zeitung*, seem to prove, that he at this time could not have been there. Then, too, how could Tomaschek omit recording the concert of 1802—or the other authorities those of 1804—if Dussek was in Prague both of those years? There is a mistake somewhere I think.

Dlabacz, a resident of Prague gives, as one have seen, the programme of the concert of Oct. 26, 1802.

Now in the *L. M. Zeitung* of Dec. 1, 1802,

there is an article upon music in Leipzig beginning thus: “Within about a month past the following foreign virtuosos have been heard here, some in the weekly, others in their own concerts.” The fourth of these persons noticed is

“Herr Dussik (or as his name is written in our English communications, Dussek) from London—long since of highest repute, as one of the very first of pianists and a favorite composer, whose new works, not yet known in Germany, far surpass his older and well known ones and deserve far more than any others a better acquaintance. In the concerto in G minor, his own composition, and full of character, he mastered great difficulties apparently quite without effort, exhibiting in addition to his extraordinary execution a precision and delicacy, not often found so combined. These excellencies he manifested in a still higher degree in an extemporaneous fantasia.” A year later the same journal prints a letter from Brunswick, written by one of those asses, who send communications without dates. By a careful comparison of various notices of Brunswick music, it appears that the correspondent is telling the musical events of the preceding winter, viz., that of 1802-3. Speaking of Musikdirector le Gaye's series of twelve concerts, he adds, “Herr Dussek, who spent some weeks here, rejoiced us with several concertos and fantasias. Our young organists will not praise the latter.” (!)

We have another proof of his presence in Leipzig in November, 1802, in the following bit of sharp writing, wherein our old friend Pleyel (in vulgar parlance) “catches” it.

SUUM CUIQUE.

Herr Pleyel in Paris,—who, since he has begun to give the public fewer of his own compositions, drives the business of publishing with so much the more active and often singular industry, with the works of others,—and to this end has reprinted several of my compositions—published, not long since, a French translation of the pianoforte school by me, which appeared in London under the title

“Dussek's Instructions, etc.,—Corri, Dussek, & Co,”

and did me the unexpected honor to name himself on the title page as part author of the same. On what grounds, I do not know; for certain examples, not very well chosen, and at all events very well to be dispensed with, which he introduced, certainly gave him no such right.

During my present tour in Germany I find this pianoforte school of mine, in a German translation, published by Messrs. Hoffmeister and Rühnel in Leipzig, who have been pleased, for what reason I know not, to suppress my name from the titlepage and give Herr Pleyel alone as the author.

Without pretending to claim for this little work any greater value than it really deserves, I still believe that it is a duty to myself and the public, to put this injustice in its true light and vindicate my claim to my own property.

At the same time I hereby make known, that a new and improved edition, of the pianoforte school prepared by myself, and much enlarged with suitable examples and remarks and in the German language, is now in press and will immediately be published by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel. This edition alone can I acknowledge as mine and recommend to the friends of music.

Leipzig, in November, 1802.

JOHANN LUDEWIG DUSSEK.

But here follows proof also that he was in Leipzig in the September, preceding; and if there on Sept. 18,—did he in those days of ante-railroad communication, visit Prague in October and return to Leipzig again the next month? This certainly disproves Dlabacz's *quoad* the journey to Vienna, and the “some months” in Czeslau. The paragraph is from the “*Zeitung für die Elegante Welt*,” Nov. 20, 1802, and is translated from an article headed “Music in Leipzig.”

Yesterday (Sept. 18,) the great, and in respect to unlimited power over the prodigious difficulties, perhaps the *greatest*—pianist of our time, made his appearance in the hall of the Gewandhaus, playing a concerto in G minor—his own composition, an extemporaneous fantasia. Profound harmonic art and original combinations distinguish his works, but there is also much that is irregular and strange. He is burdened, oppressed, one may say, by the very greatness of his powers, and yet we have proofs here and there, of the high cultivation of his sense of the truly beautiful. In the free fantasia, there are other artists, who are more satisfactory, and for precisely this reason. To arouse astonishment must ever be but a secondary object of the artist—but how many are they, who choose rather to excite wonder, than love!—Which paragraph must have been commonly edifying to the readers of the *Zeitung* for the elegant world—sixty years since!

Beethoven's “Fidelio,” by Liszt.

(Translated from the German for the New York Musical Review and World.)

Beethoven's only dramatic work occupies one of the most conspicuous places in that series of sublime compositions, to attack the acknowledged excellences of which is absolutely forbidden by æsthetic decorum, and to the hearing of which one may give himself up, with the fullest confidence that no disappointment will interrupt his entire admiration. For more than forty years has this opera been composed, and for only about twenty years has it been an acknowledged *chef d'œuvre*; so much so that not to be able to produce it in a respectable manner would be a disgrace to any German theatre. But what was the fate of this great work during the first twenty after its completion? It was treated with contempt by performers; condemned by the critics; laid aside by managers; and forgotten by the public. It is hardly to be doubted that Beethoven would have presented the German stage with a series of master-operas, had his first-born been met with that attention which the strong, earnest nature of the composer demanded from a cultivated public instead of with shrugs, mockery, and even with derision.

As a dramatic musical work, the “Fidelio” falls far short of perfection. A want of acquaintance with scenic effects is evinced, as well in the selection of a subject as in the symphonic treatment of both orchestra and voices. Nevertheless, the lyric and orchestral beauties, in which the work is so rich, stand out so prominently as to compensate almost for the want of dramatic interest. These rise triumphantly above the weakness of the libretto, and, even in the most uninteresting situations, develop such a wealth of sparkling, heartfelt, profound emotions, that no true artist, no cultivated spirit, can avoid being deeply impressed with their glowing, captivating tones; can refuse admiration for the composition, or most cordial sympathy for the composer, and for the sufferings of that genius, who, with just indignation, forsook the path of intellectual labor that man had strewed for him with thorns. The overture especially, the same which in our day is

received with general enthusiasm, and universally esteemed as one of the most glorious musical achievements, was a source of great vexation to Beethoven; a just and instructive account of which may be found in a book in other respects not entitled to commendation—Schindler's *Life of Beethoven*. It is there related to what torture Beethoven was put, as he was obliged to reconstruct it again and again, even to the fourth time, in order to suit it to the littleness of the pigmies, who even accused him of musical heresy; with what misery he had to contend, and with what meanness he was driven from the field.

A comparison of the four several versions extant makes apparent the forced mutilations of thought, and the gradual enfeebling of the eloquence whose glowing inspirations and transporting power we to-day admire in its original form; that form which Beethoven was forced four times to lower to the level of the ass-cared tribe who dared to judge him. But not long after, on the same stage, a like fate awaited the work of a master of scarcely less renown. Weber's "Euryanthe" met a like fortune, and the ever-ready judgment of the public exhibited itself, alas! only in a bad, clumsy pun.* Weber, even as Beethoven, with great effort clothed a used-up dramatic subject with the beauties of his superior art. So, also, was his labor unacknowledged and ill-received. Fortunately the brilliant overture of Weber has come to us free from those barbarous mutilations to which Beethoven mistakenly submitted.

It is a profitable occupation, now and then, to institute an examination into the causes of the success of some theatrical production. How many are there that consider how long the perfect expression of the noblest thoughts which Beethoven has given in "Fidelio" would have remained concealed under the thick veil of oblivion, had they not found a warm, genial artist, who entered into all the details and effective points of her rôle with a rare strength and power of conception almost exclusively her own; who united a pure gentleness with manly energy and bold vigor, whose interpretations were entirely her own, and whose dress even brought into clearer light her many perfections! Madame Schroeder-Devrient, with true artist-like conception of her rôle gave full expression to its pathos; and there was scarcely a spectator who was not carried away with admiration, as the charming woman, in male attire, with an action at which every heart trembled, but which was still all grace, threatened the astonished governor with her pistol. It is not too much to say that Germany is half indebted for the rich treasure she possesses in "Fidelio" next to its author, to Madame Schroeder-Devrient, its first true interpreter.

Will this example prevent other works from sharing the same fate? Hardly? In matters of art, genius is manifested by the progress in originality of its productions. But that which is new in music, as I have before declared and proved, can not at all count upon instantaneous and general sympathy. The length of time necessary for the appreciation of new works offered under new forms, can only be determined by accidental circumstances. Honored be he who, from their intrinsic value, can determine the place which new compositions shall occupy in the future. The support which the wealthy have given to art, and without which it could hardly have survived, is most important in this connection. It is the privilege of those untroubled by personal or business cares, to treasure the beautiful in art for its own sake; to nurse and protect it until the public are educated to its proper appreciation. Intelligent governments, occupying the highest political position, and empowered to enforce their desires, are often not only best able to judge of art, but are also most necessary for its protection and advancement. That this is so, witness Gluck, whom Marie Antoinette alone sustained for years, and Spontini, whose "Vestal" might never have found an audience without the Empress Josephine. Fortunate in this respect are we at

* They said it was not "Euryanthe," but "Ennuyante."

Weimar. Nowhere more than here are the spiritual lights of the age more cherished and encouraged in diffusing their rays abroad.

What consequence is it whether the operas of Wagner, against which such systematic opposition has been raised, have triumphed or failed here and there? In Weimar, they have found a foothold, and from thence may pervade the world with that which in them is original. This is a fact, the consequences of which for art will be more manifest hereafter, and little by little. When these operas were given here, immediate success was less cared for than the elevation of art, and the furnishing a repertoire of operas, such as shall enforce respect.

In our time has arisen a second "Fidelio," a work of high, lofty conceptions, the production of one who is also a great symphonic writer, but of one who sooner made himself acquainted with the requisites of dramatic treatment, and knew better than Beethoven how to use the materials at his disposal. I refer to the "Benevenuto Cellini" of Hector Berlioz. Its hour has not come yet, and it is most unfortunate for the opera that its composer is still living. When the time comes that the little jealousies which have caused the failure of this work, wherever it has been produced, shall have passed away, it will be acknowledged as one of the most important of our age, and the stage at Weimar may with pride boast that it alone has saved it from oblivion.

Behind the Scenes at the Theatre.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

If you wish to make everybody anxious to visit a building, or to excite intense curiosity as to its interior arrangements, write up "No Admittance" over the door.

The stage of the theatre, or behind the scenes, is to the public generally an object of intense curiosity; simply because they are not familiar with it, and not allowed to visit it.

What an intense desire a clock would excite to witness the concealed machinery which moved the visible hands, chronicle with unerring accuracy, the hours of the day, were that machinery studiously concealed from all except those who made and worked it and a few of their privileged friends! But the opportunity for viewing the machinery and works of the chronicler of time is open to all, and they are so easy of access that although quite interesting, they excite but comparatively little curiosity to see them.

But after witnessing the wonders of the mimic pageants of the stage, where rocks and forests appear at the prompter's whistle, or great cities start like magic into existence, to melt away at the same shrill command into the hall of the palace or the squalid hut of poverty, and the scenes represented are peopled by those romantic heroes and robbers, beautiful maidens, peasants with souls above their station, tyrants, lovers, villagers, and all make allusions as near like reality as possible,—who can wonder at the charm the drama and the theatre have at some period of life, to almost all of us who often witness there almost the realization of something we have imagined, the representation of some of our own air castles; and that actors who can open the fountains of our hearts by the mere make-believe of emotion, or cause us to forget in the plenitude of merriment and humor that there was such a thing as care in the world,—that actors should possess an interest different than almost any body else.

What a desire there is of some youngsters to have a speaking acquaintance with a man who has faced the footlights, with one who becomes each night a robed monarch or a plumed chieftain. Nay, a "professional" off the stage is a marked man among us of older years, and whenever seen in any public place he feels the force of a facetious individual's definition of fame, which was as follows:

"There goes Snooks!"

But we have not yet got "behind the scenes" at the theatre, usually somewhat a difficult matter, and we hope it always may be.

A person who has never visited this locality would not only be at a loss to understand the use or name of half that met his gaze, but almost require an interpreter to explain the professional conversation that he would hear.

The visitor, after entering the modest, private entrance known as the stage door, first encounters an individual seated there whose duty it is to guard the mysterious realms within; this sentinel knows all entitled to admission, performers, work-

men, scene-shifters, etc., and admits none other on any pretence whatever, save by the managers' order. Past him, and just before stepping into a mysterious labyrinth of what appears to be thin board partitions, standing thickly together, you pause to read what appears to be a little notice stuck up against the wall; one or two performers who are "not in" the first piece, and who have come in at the same time with you, also pause, and in repose to the inquiry of one to the other of "When's the call for to-morrow," you hear the reply of "Eleven o'clock."

The notice reads something like the following:

Tuesday.

Macbeth, 2d act, at 11 o'clock.

Choruses at 1.

5th act and marches, 2.

Auxiliaries report to Mr. B. at 10 1-2 on the stage.

Wednesday, 11.

Mr. Spouter's scenes in Lady of Lyons.

Raising the wind at 12 1-2.

This tells the actors at what hour they are wanted at rehearsal, and what the play is that is that is to be rehearsed, and sometimes the cast of characters for the piece.

Once upon the stage, the novice is bewildered with a wilderness of scenes, standing in every direction; dim, mysterious passages stretch off on all sides, and are lost in the distance; there is a peculiar gas and paint like scent pervading the place, a sort of perfume belonging peculiarly to the theatre; casting the eyes above, he beholds a perfect maze of ropes and canvas running in every direction, like the rigging of a ship, and apparently in the most explicable confusion; there is a steady roar of gas from the burners at the wings,—to the uninitiated making so much noise that he wonders how the actors can hear each other on the stage. In fact, in a sort of bewilderment, he really begins to wonder where the stage is, till he makes a step or two in some direction, and suddenly finds himself almost in full view of the audience, a confused kaleidoscope of colors beyond a circle of gleaming gas light, with spires of gas, orchestra, chandeliers, and stucco work, apparently to his hurried gaze, mixed together in confusion.

Back amid the scenery again—how coarse it looks; this magnificent saloon, the colors close at hand look as though finished with a white-wash brush; this throne, too, a mere wooden chair, daubed with flashy paint and gilt; you knock over a couple of flags from a table that is all ready to be carried upon the stage for use in the next act; they fall to the floor with a sound like a lady's empty work-basket,— "Papier maché," you ejaculate, and a man in his shirt-sleeves tells you to be careful of those "properties." It is a magnificent banquet—a cross-legged pine table completely covered with a huge red flannel cloth, with a yellow cotton border, and spread with six paste-board goblets, two ditto flagons, two ditto dishes, with red, green and yellow paste-board fruit, two wood and gilt candelabra, and one real dish with a bunch of artificial flowers and four apples.

Stand aside,—here comes the king!—his face is a study, the wrinkles drawn beautifully in India ink, the ashen hue of age put on nicely, the russet apple red of the cheeks and the artificial white eyebrows and beard, each severally attracting your attention, and making you wonder how the deuce it is that it looks so natural from the other side of the foot lights.

Here we are at the Green Room, and the prompter has just "rang down" on the second act, and "rung in" the orchestra, who are playing gaily in front; three or four actors are just "coming off." The ruffian is cracking a joke as he walks along with a young cavalier whom he murdered a few moments before in sight of the audience, and another plumed and glittering individual dashes up a flight of stairs, towards the regions above, three steps at a time, saying something about his dressing room and "a change," for the next act. A lady, brilliant in regal costume, has both hands full of her silk dress held up about her to keep from contact with the boards, and as you gaze upon her you can hardly credit it, that it is the lovely being that you were almost in love with from the auditorium; some of the little arts of the stage begin to be apparent to you, and red lips, blooming cheeks, arched eyebrows, dreamy eyes, flowing ringlets, snowy neck, and other charms have not the attraction they had when distance lent enchantment to the view,—but gallantry holds our pen.

"All ready for the third act," says a call boy to a few assembled in the Green room, and away he dashes up stairs to call some one who is not ready.

Here comes the Prompter, book in hand, "King, Sir Charles, Lord Somers, Captain of the Guard,—ready at left, upper entrance," he says as he hurries past, and away go the characters named to take position, ready for entrance, while the busy prompter

MARTHA.

85

* *p* *ff* *Ped.*
dim. *p* *
p

The musical score for 'MARTHA.' consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final chord in the treble staff and a sustained bass line.

No. 17. FINAL.

Larghetto.

Cantabile.

p
cresc.
Ped.

The musical score for 'No. 17. FINAL.' consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system includes a crescendo marking. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final chord in the treble staff and a sustained bass line.

cresc. * *ff* *fz*

sempre. *ff*

ff *riten.* *Tempo.* *p*

cres. *pp* *-calando.*

dol. *Ped.* * *cres.* *Ped.*

Ped. * *piu cres.*

f *ritard.* *ff* *fz* *f* *p*

MARTHA.

87

Allegro non troppo.

pp *fff* *pp* *f*

Ped. *

p

crusc.

ff

p

sf *f* *sf*

sf

ff *Ped.*

*

hurries from point to point to see that all is right; stations half a dozen guards at one entrance to rush on at the proper signal—asks a couple of scene-shifters if they "have the flat ready for the second scene," and to "see that the door opens easy"—takes a hasty glance here, there and everywhere,—a final one at the stage—steps back to his post behind the pillar at the right proscenium—"clear stage,"—pulls a bell that communicates with the leader of the orchestra, and signals him to cease playing—pulls another to warn the man far above him to be ready at the curtain—grasps his book and "rings up,"—and in obedience to his signal the act drop slowly rolls up far amid the canvas skies, draperies and foliage.

Perhaps not one in a hundred of those who go to the theatre have the least idea of the importance of the prompter's position; the popular idea is, that his duties consist in holding a book of the play and giving the actors the word whenever memory fails them. This, however, is the least of his duties, and there is probably no man on the stage who understands the whole business of the profession better than a good prompter.

He is the hardest working man on the stage during a performance, and, though sometimes heard, is never seen; the audience do not begin to know how much he contributes to their enjoyment. He must be familiar with the business, the scenery, the exits and entrances, the properties required, in fact the general working of the whole piece; and during performance, it depends upon him to see whether it is done correctly or not.

It is he that is heard knocking without before some one comes in before the audience, he rings the bells, starts the thunder, directs the lightning, sets the rain going, makes the crashes, gives the signals for mobs or soldiers to rush on, and beckons them when to come off, sees that the actors go on and off at proper points, that the proper scenes are set, and whistles them on and off; one of his bells signal his forces above to drop clouds, draperies, or foliage; and another tells his machinists below when to lower a trap with a demon and his victim, amid a blaze of red fire, or to hoist up a fairy with gossamer wings, to the sound of music.

His little desk behind the pillar is surrounded with a complication of knobs and cords. Here is a brass plate marked with indices, "light," "dark," "foot-lights," "wings," "front," a small lever turned to either of these will lower or raise the lights at pleasure; half a dozen bell-pulls communicate with "orchestra," "traps," "green-room," "curtain," and the "flies" (far up above), and other points; speaking tubes for the leader of the orchestra and the man at the curtain, facilitate his communication with these points.

A bell and knocker are fixed within his reach for ringing or knocking without, a rope that starts the rain, another that sets the thunder going, and a third that tolls a big bell when the criminal is going to execution or they "ring the alarm bell," are all within reach of his hand. Besides attending to all the business of the piece, he must see a little in advance of the time of each actor's entrance in the progress of a scene, that he is at his proper point of entrance and ready to "come on;" in this he is assisted by a call boy, who obeys his orders and carries his messages from point to point. Beside all this constant watching he must be ready, if the actor falters in his part, to give him the word on the instant, and not let the piece or the performer suffer from a momentary failure of memory.

Knowing all this, reader, we will excuse the prompter if he only gives us a hurried glance as he attends to business, which will not bear an instant slighting.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

(To be continued.)

HAYDN AND THE MUSIC-SELLER.—Haydn used to relate with much pleasure a dispute which he had with a music-seller in London. Amusing himself one morning, after the English fashion, in shopping, he inquired of a music-seller if he had any select and beautiful music. "Certainly," replied the shopman, "I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's." "O," returned Haydn, "I'll have nothing to do with that." "How sir, you will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! and pray what fault have you to find with it?" "O, plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me; show me some other." The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied, "No, sir; I have music, it is true, but not for such as you," and turned his back upon him. As Haydn was going away, smiling, a gentleman of his acquaintance entered, and accosted him by name. The music-seller, still out of humor, turned round at the name, and said to the person who had just entered the shop: "Haydn! ay, here's a fellow who says he does not like that great man's music." The

Englishman laughed—and explanation took place—and the music-seller was made acquainted with the man who found fault with Haydn's music.

Musical Correspondence.

BURLINGTON VERMONT, 11 o'clock Friday Eve. Sept. 23.—Mr. Editor.—The present event here is the assembling of the "Western Vermont Musical Association, under the direction of B. F. Baker of Boston, assisted by Mrs. Minnie Little and S. C. Moore from the same city.

About three hundred, the best vocal talent of Vermont came together last Tuesday morning and have remained with us since, practicing daily. In spite of the "hard times," the attendance has been greater this year than usual. The mornings have been devoted to the cultivation of the voice, afternoons and evenings to practicing in the "Choral Harmony" by Baker & Perkins and "Handel's Messiah." Under the thorough drill of Prof. Baker, the singers show a marked improvement.

Of the Professor's musical abilities I need not speak, every one is acquainted with them. Mrs. Little the vocalist has a very pretty voice, and received her share of praise, though she like others, is not exempt from faults. Lack of good articulation is one of her most prominent defects. Whenever our country singers hear one from the city, they are sure to imitate their faults as well as their good qualities, hence let every city singer bear in mind, that whenever they sing in the country, they are establishing a precedent. This bad articulation is quite prevalent among our choirs. A short time since, I attended church where I understood they had some excellent performers. With all of their artistic skill the only word perfectly understood by me, was "Lord" and this I partly anticipated.

Prof. Moore, Pianist is a very promising young musician, and stands at the head of his profession in this state. He reads very readily, but is too mechanical in his playing; his accent also is not what it should be.

During the four days of the convention everything has passed off pleasantly. This evening the grand concert which usually closes such gatherings, took place. Notwithstanding the heavy storm through the day and evening, those noted families the "Smith's" and "Jones's," besides thousands of others were present. Mr. Baker must have been exceedingly gratified to have had such a large audience. The selections from the Messiah were very good, and received abundant applause.

Several finely rendered songs added much to the entertainment. One very pretty ballad was sung by D. B. Worley, quite a prolific author, whose songs have become popular in this portion of the State. W. O. Perkins from your city was vociferously cheered after singing "Honor in Arms" from "Sampson." The pet of the evening was a Miss Gaskell from Rutland. We were all enraptured with both her singing and manners. Her voice is remarkably pure and very highly cultivated.

The concert was closed by the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus from "Messiah," which was better sung than any previous selections from the same author. J.

Music Abroad.

The Birmingham Musical Festival.

August 26.—Since the last Festival, the interior of the Town Hall has been redecorated, in a style which would gladden the heart of Mr. Owen Jones himself. The means of illumination, too, have been improved by some classical gas-candelabra, a present from the Messrs. Elkington. Altogether, the building, when filled, this morning, by its audience of

well-dressed women and men, all in holiday attire, and in the best possible spirits, presented a *coup d'œil* which will not easily be forgotten by those present.

The proceedings commenced with the National Anthem, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington taking the first verse, while the second was arranged as a quartet, sung by the above lady, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, the whole audience standing up in obedience to the time-honored custom. Then came the real business of the day, the oratorio itself. As I have previously remarked, it was magnificently given. *Elijah* is identified with Birmingham, and no festival here would be considered complete without it. The local amateurs composing the chorus know the work by heart; and when we recollect that, in addition to this, they have enjoyed the advantage of Mr. Costa's advice and guidance for a week or so, we can easily understand that their performance must be immeasurably superior to that of the various associations at the grand musical gatherings in Germany, where the vocalists, to the number of one or two thousand, as at Nuremberg lately, have only one rehearsal. I do not mention this with a view to depreciate the efforts of the natives of Fatherland, but merely to chronicle the fact that England, unmusical as foreigners will persist in calling her, frequently sets an example, even in music, which might with advantage be followed by those who are eternally asserting they are our superiors in all that relates to the divine art of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, of Handel and Mozart.

I now come to the solo singers. The soprano music was confided to Mlle. Titien and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington. The former lady has evidently made great strides in the rendering of oratorio music since her first essay in the *Creation*. The music in *Elijah* is evidently better suited to her powers than that of Haydn's masterpiece, and the experience she has gained is of great use to her. "Nobody is missed" was a favorite axiom of Talleyrand, the astute, and, though we cannot help regretting that we shall no more listen to the sweet, pure tones of Clara Novello, or the fascinating strains of Mad. Otto Goldschmidt, Mlle. Titien's singing to-day went far to prove the truth of the observation which emanated from the cynical heart of the wily ex-priest and whilome diplomatist. Her execution of the fine air, "Hear ye, Israel," was a superb piece of artistic vocalization and expressive declamation—calm, lofty, and unaffected. Her pronunciation of the English words, moreover, was extremely satisfactory, and proves how assiduously she must have labored to approach perfection—which I am almost tempted to assert she has attained—in every imaginable respect. In the double quartet, "For he shall give," in the trio, "Lift thine eyes," and in the quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy, holy," in the last especially, her natural aptitude for oratorio was placed beyond a doubt.

The contralto music was divided between Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Miss Palmer, who fully sustained their previous reputation.

Mr. Sims Reeves was in fine voice, and never sang with more spirit than on this occasion. His rendering of the recitative and air, "If with all your hearts," was superb. The same may be said of the accompanied recitative, "Man of God," in Part II., and "Then shall the righteous." Mr. Santley was heard to great advantage in all the music allotted to him. His rendering of the song, "Lord God of Abraham," and "Is not his word like fire?" created a deep impression. M. Montem Smith effectively discharged his duties as second tenor, and the subordinate parts in the double quartet were well sustained by Mrs. Sutton, Messrs. Mason, Briggs and Smythson.

Wednesday, August 28.—Handel's *Samson* was performed in the morning and a miscellaneous concert was given in the evening.

In the *Creation* which was given on Thursday, August 29, Mlle. Titien fully sustained her recently earned reputation as a singer of sacred music of the first class. Her rendering of "The marvellous work" and of the airs, "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," excited but one sentiment among the audience—that of profound and well-merited approbation, and more than confirmed the decision lately pronounced upon this lady in the same work at the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington gave universal satisfaction in the music of Eve, while Mr. Santley did as much in that allotted to Adam. The bass music in the first and second parts was sung by Signor Belletti with his usual excellence. The tenor music in the first part was confided to Mr. Montem Smith; the remainder being reserved for Mr. Sims Reeves, who produced as great a sensation as ever in the recitative and air, "In native worth." The choruses were admirably given; and, to sum up, the whole performance passed off most satisfactorily, despite the chilling absence of anything like applause.

It is as difficult to say anything new about the *Messiah*, which was the oratorio selected for this morning, as it is about the *Creation*.

The performance was magnificent. Again did the great German *prima donna*, Mlle. Titiens, electrify her audience. Her rendering of the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was sublime. The other more noticeable points were the singing of Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington in "Rejoice greatly"; of Mad. Sainton-Dolby in "He was despised"; and of Mr. Sims Reeves in the whole of the music which fell to his share. The choruses went admirably, the "Hallelujah" being encored by the President.

Saturday, Aug. 31.—The miscellaneous concert on the evening of Thursday, the 29th inst., went off very well, and gave pretty general satisfaction. The programme, though far from perfect, was an improvement on that of Tuesday evening. Here it is:—

PART I.—Overture, *Masaniello* (Auber); Trio, "Soave sia il vento" (Mozart); Air, "Ah, vous dirai-je, maman?" (Adam); Duo, "Ch' l'antipatica vostra figura" (Ricci); Song, "Twilight is darkening" (Kücken); Concerto, Pianoforte, in E flat (Beethoven); Aria, "Fuman gl' incensi" (Donizetti); Ballata, "Tu m'amì," *La Zingara* (Balle); Grand finale, *Loreley* (Mendelssohn).

PART II.—Overture, *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini); Aria, "Bravo, bravo, il mio Belcore" (Donizetti); Duo, "Dearest maiden" (Spohr); Aria, "Mille volte sul campo d'onor" (Donizetti); Quintetto, "E scherzoso od è follia," *Ballo in Maschera* (Verdi); Song, "Within a mile of Edinbro," (Hook); Duo, "Se la vita ancor t'è cara," *Semiramide* (Rossini); Romance, "Ah! now I feel," *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer); Duo, "Pronta io son," *Don Pasquale* (Donizetti); Sestetto, "Sola, sola, *Don Giovanni* (Mozart).

The concert yesterday morning (Friday), was a great success, the greatest, perhaps, achieved during the whole week. The hypercritical might object that the programme was too long, and that Hummel's *Motetto* suffered by being placed between two such works as the *Mass in D* and *Israel in Egypt*. But censure itself should be silent on the occasion like the present. How shall I describe the grandeur, the sublimity which characterised the performance of Beethoven's great work. Language, at least the language at my command—is too weak. The performance was indeed worthy of the composition, and the singers of Birmingham have far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of their warmest admirers. They have deserved the sincerest thanks of every lover of genuine, classical music of the highest class. Never, I will venture to assert, was such a performance ever heard in this country or in any other.

Last night the festival was brought to a close by Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*. The attendance was not very large, although larger than that on the evening the *Creation* was given, while those who were present exhibited a much greater amount of enthusiasm than that manifested on any previous occasion.

At the conclusion of the oratorio, the National Anthem was given—Mad. Rudersdorff and Mlle. Patti taking the solos. Then followed a whirlwind of applause, from orchestra, soloists, chorus, and audience, for Mr. Costa, who fully deserved it, considering the unremitting attention he has devoted to everything connected with his department—no limited one, you will admit. It is a source of regret for all lovers of good music, that no orchestral symphony was included in the programme of the miscellaneous concerts. Such an omission is the more to be deplored, with such a conductor as Mr. Costa to wield the *bâton*, and such an orchestra as that at his command to play a work of this class. With this drawback, the Festival of 1861, both in a pecuniary and artistic sense, may be pronounced the most successful ever given in Birmingham.—*Musical World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Homeward Bound.

Our readers were informed some time ago that Mr. Dwight had taken passage on the *Great Eastern*, whose homeward voyage came to such a sudden end. They will doubtless be pleased to learn of his safety and to read his account of

the disaster, which we take from a letter not intended for publication.

OFF QUEENSTOWN (Ireland), Sept. 18, 1861.

You will be anxiously waiting the "Great Eastern." The "*Persia*," which left Liverpool 4 days after us, will have arrived and report having met us (on the 16th), returning disabled. Thank God, we are saved!

We sailed on the 10th—smooth, quiet motion, and no sickness—but signs enough of want of organization on board—captain, crew, stewards and all were *new*, almost as much lost on this great ship as the passengers—all in confusion. On the third day (Thursday) a violent gale struck us. The great ship rolled awfully, I never saw a ship roll so (she had no ballast, scarcely any cargo, stood 35 feet out of water to 25 feet under and was top-heavy). I went down into the elegant Saloon and began to read. Presently a lurch, and all the tables, sofas, chairs, mirrors, &c., were dashed back and forth across the room six or eight times with violence—becoming a perfect wreck. I chanced to sit upon the only sofa, which did not start. The skylights (unfastened) were lifted by the wind and smashed. Soon another and worse shaking up—women and children were swept back and forth across the floor with the broken chairs and crockery—some badly hurt, and men cut in hands and face trying to save them. A number of us clung to that sofa and there staid all night till daylight in momentary expectation of destruction during several hours of it. Reports from the deck came in worse and worse—five or six boats were swept away, the paddle wheels broken off, the rudder useless, there was no power left to guide or manage the ship, she could only drift there in the trough of that merciless, tremendous sea—rolling, rolling, day after day, night after night, so that it was seldom safe to go from room to room. Stairs and banisters, on all sides gave way—nothing was firm enough to lean upon. All the internal "*fixings*," furniture, &c, of dining rooms and all, proved a flimsy sham? In short the ship had been sent out utterly un-sea-worthy.

Morning showed a sad wreck internally, and an almost hopeless prospect outwardly. For the violent wind and sea continued, and we had no means to head our course—no power left but the screw, that useless without the rudder—and the broken rudder swung against and damaged the screw! (The rudder post which broke, was of wrought iron, 10 inches thick!)

Friday afternoon (2d day) the wind abated; but the sea did not. I have slept—or tried to sleep in my clothes from that night till now. Then came an attempt to rig a *spar* for a rudder—it cost a day's work, and failed! We were drifting though in the right direction, sidewise, towards Ireland—to put back, being our only chance.

Saturday, (3d day), we found that nearly all our trunks were ruined—they would not let us take them to our state-rooms, and we had to leave them out on the floor of a great wide section of the third deck. There hundreds of well packed trunks had been shaken up like dice in the great iron box of a room, and trunks and contents all smashed and "chewed up" into pulp!

That day a passenger, Mr. H. E. Towle, of Boston, a civil engineer, devised, and with incredible labor and skill carried out a plan for restoring our rudder head by means of a huge chain cable. On Sunday afternoon it was tried and (thank God!) succeeded! We could use the screw, and that has brought us slowly to this point, which we reached yesterday at sundown.

Gleanings from Mendelssohn's Letters.

(Translated for this Journal by W. B.)

ROME, JUNE 6, 1831. (To his parents.) The Italians are naturally lazy. To work is to them a

disagreeable necessity, resorted to only to procure money. This is the reason that there is so little industry and competition; that Donizetti finishes an opera in ten days; it is hissed down, but that does not matter, as he is paid for it and may go promenading again. Lest by a series of failures his reputation might suffer and he be obliged to work hard to get it up again, which would be uncomfortable, he sometimes takes three weeks for the making of an Opera and takes special pains with a couple of pieces, to have them please much. After that he can write meanly again for a while and go promenading. In this manner their painters paint those incredibly poor pictures, which rank even much lower than their poor music.

PARIS, DEC. 19, 1831. (To his Father).—Every one of the Opera Librettos brought out here lately would not, according to my conviction, have had the least success in Germany. Moreover the chief tendency in all of them is such, that one must turn right against it—although I acknowledge the times want it and that upon the whole we ought rather to go with the times than against—I mean the immorality in all of them. When, in "*Robert le Diable*," the nuns, one after another come forward and try to seduce the hero, until at last the abbess succeeds; when the hero is put by a charm into the chamber of his sweetheart and then throws her upon the floor, in a group which is applauded by the public here and probably will be also applauded by the public in Germany, and when then, in an Aria, she asks for pity at his hands; or, when in another opera, a young girl undresses herself, telling in a song how twenty-four hours later she will be married—that has produced an effect, but I have no music for it. For it is vulgar, and if such should be wanted by the opera-goers and be thought indispensable, I would write church-music.

GENOA, JULY, 1831. (To a Lady friend who had asked him to compose for her Zedlitz's descriptive poem of the "Midnight review.") I like to take everything connected with music very seriously, and deem it unpardonable to compose anything which I do not feel through and through. That would seem to me like telling a lie; for notes have a meaning just as well defined as words, and perhaps more so. Now I think it altogether impossible to set a descriptive poem to music. The large number of compositions of this kind which exist do not prove the case against me, but rather speak in my favor; for I do not know one which is satisfactory. One has to choose between a dramatic style and a merely story-telling manner. In the "*Erkling*" one composer expresses the howling of the wind through the willow-tree, the wailing of the child, the clattering of the horse's hoofs; the other imagines a ballad-singer who chants the horrible tale quietly, just as one tells a ghost-story. The latter mode is the more correct of the two (Reichart has almost always chosen it) but still it will not come natural to me; the music is in my way; it excites my fancy more to read such a poem to myself and imagine the rest, than to hear it read or painted for me.

Now, to compose the "Midnight review" in the story-telling style will not do because there is no one particular person who speaks and because the poem has not the proper ballad-ring to it. I should rather call it a clever fancy than a poem, for it is to me evident that the poet lacked belief in the nebulous personages of his own creating. I might have done it in the descriptive style, like *Neukomm* and *Pischhof*, in Vienna; I might have introduced the long roll of drums in the bass, bugle-blasts in the treble and sundry other dismal sounds; but I think too highly of my serious tones; all these imitations have to me a comic character, they remind me of the illustrations in children's first spelling books where the trees are

all colored with very bright green, to make the children aware that they are intended for trees. And to write and send away something indifferent, that I should not be satisfied with myself; would not do, especially in your case, to whom I would always give the best.

(No date. To Edward Devrient.) You scold me because I am twenty-two years old, and not yet a far-famed man. I can only respond that if God had willed that I should be famous at twenty-two, I should very likely have become so; it is not my fault, for I write neither for fame nor for a chapel-master's place. It were very nice if both these things should come to me; but as long as I do not suffer want it is my duty to write as I feel in my heart and to leave the result to Him who has the care of more and more important matters. One thing only I am trying to do better and better, and that is to compose precisely as I feel and to have less and less outward considerations. When I have done a piece, I have done my duty, and I little care whether it yields me fame, honor, decorations, gold snuffboxes etc.—You want me to write Operas altogether and think me wrong not to have done this already. My answer is: give me a good libretto and it shall be composed in very few months; for my longings to write an Opera grow stronger every day; I know it might become something fresh and merry; if I could only find such a libretto now; but then, it is missing. And, to a text which does not fire me up thoroughly, I do not want to compose.—You certainly do not want me to be idle until I shall have found a libretto—even if this could be? And to have written just now several sacred pieces, has been an inner need with me, just as one sometimes feels a craving to read a particular book—the Bible or something else—and would feel content only with that book at that time and none other. If they remind of Seb. Bach, it is again not my fault, for I have written as I felt it, and if over the words I have got into a mood like old Bach's, I am the more glad for it. You will not think that I copy his forms, without anything in it; if I did attempt that, a feeling of repugnance and emptiness would stop me very soon. I have also since composed some grand music again, which may have some worldly success (the first Walpurgis-night by Goethe) which might be worth something to me, and I have also begun this morceau solely because I found pleasure in it and it put me in good spirits. As to the execution, I have not thought of it. But, now that it lies here finished before me, I see that it might very well make a *Concertstück*; in my first subscription concert at Berlin you must sing the part of the venerable high-priest; I have written it for you, and you must sing it or tell me why not. Beside, as I have this experience that pieces that I write without any thought of the singers, have the best success, I think it will be the same in this case, I mention this only to show you, that I do think of the practical. To be sure I do so only afterwards; but who, the d—, can write music, which is the least practical thing in the world (for which reason I am so fond of it) and, while at it, think of the practical! It is just as if one would put his confession of love into rhymes and verses at home, and deliver it to his beloved by heart.

I am going to Munich (where I have been offered an opera libretto,) to see if there is there a man-poet, for I repeat, I will only have to do with a man who has the sacred fire and talent, without meaning to say, however, that he must be a giant. If I do not find him at Munich, I shall endeavor, solely for that purpose, to make the acquaintance of Immermann. In case he should satisfy me no better, I shall go to London. It seems to me as if my *phenix* always flies from me, but what can I do, fishing for him in the crowd? He lives neither at the Hotel Reichmann nor next door. Where is he then? Write me some day about it, although I believe that the good God

sends us everything—even operas—when we need them, but that is no reason we should not bestir ourselves, and not give ourselves the trouble to look about us.

I wish this devil of a libretto were found! Meanwhile, I am doing as good things as I can, and I hope to improve, moreover. As to the rest, I am not responsible. We have agreed on this, at home. So, there is enough about this dry text; I am nervous again and almost ill-humored, and I had promised I never would be so any more.

New Publications.

LYOYD'S OFFICIAL MAP OF MISSOURI, published by J. T. Lloyd, 164 Broadway, New York, is a large scale, colored in counties, and gives a clear idea of the localities of such intense interest. Price 25 cents.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for September, (L. Scott & Co's reprint) is received. The contents are: The Rector; Meditations on Dyspepsia; Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy; The Peruvian War of 1856-'57; The Memory of Monboddio; A Day at Antwerp; Rubens and Ruskini; Phæthon; and the Art-Student at Rome.

Musical Chit-Chat.

CONCERTS.—The only Concerts during the past week have been given by Mrs. VARIAN. The last one was pleasantly diversified from the customary mixture of Songs and Piano-pieces by the introduction of a two-piano-piece by Herz, the musical *prestigitateur* of yore, and a Piano Trio, or, at least part of one, by Beethoven. The first, though as brilliant as could be, unfortunately consisted of variations on the air "O dolce concerto," which must now be considered somewhat out of fashion. Beethoven's Trio was the composer's arrangement of the ever welcome, ever beautiful Septet. We, however, think this the least attractive form of the three which Beethoven chose for this composition, the arrangement for String quintet being the third. The Piano does almost all the work and the Strings are doing accompaniment. The beautiful Adagio and first Menuet, which would have given a chance to Mr. COENEN to show his familiarity with the classic style, were omitted, we suppose on account of the length of the programme. We cannot help thinking, however, that most of those present, and certainly all those who knew the Septet, would very willingly rather have missed the *Trovatore* song and the German Fatherland. Mrs. VARIAN sang as well and looked as charming as usual. Mr. HOFFMANN rendered the Septet-music very well and shone in several more showy pieces.

MUSIC AT THE WEST CHURCH.—This Church—one of the most ancient in Boston—stands at the corner of Lynde and Cambridge Streets, and was built and dedicated in the year 1806. The present pastor, Rev. Dr. BARTOL, was installed in 1835, and is now in the twenty-fourth year of his ministry, an earnest and able preacher, beloved and respected by all.

His congregation is numerous, influential and wealthy, as may be inferred from the fact that during the past season—universally conceded to be the most trying and stringent in financial affairs ever experienced in this country—they have had a new organ erected, at an expense of about \$5,000, which is entirely paid for.

Of this new Organ we gave a description in the *Journal* of September 28th. Since its completion, the musical services have been so ably conducted, and assumed such prominence in the devotional exercises of the church, that we have thought some account of them would prove interesting to our readers.

The music has always been above mediocrity—in fact, the intelligent, cultivated, and appreciative con-

gregation would tolerate none other—but, of late, it has very much improved, although the organization of the choir remains substantially the same. This is doubtless owing to the new incentives to improvement furnished by the acquisition of the superb Organ, and consequent additional interest felt by the members of the choir, as well as to the beautiful accompaniments produced from the new instrument by the skilful organist, Mr. J. R. SHARLAND.

The choir is arranged somewhat upon the antiphonal plan with four voices on each side, forming a double quartet or choir which alternate in singing the different verses of a hymn, the full choir joining in the last verse, with graceful and pleasing effect. In choir number one, Miss GILSON is the soprano singer. She possesses a highly cultivated and flexible voice, under full control, giving her the power to execute compositions of an high order. Mrs. SHARLAND, the contralto, has a very fine voice, and we heard her last Sabbath sing a solo, in which the artistic and devotional elements were combined in a manner highly creditable both to her ability and taste. The tenor and bass parts are sustained by Messrs. CONEY and STORER respectively, both singers of considerable merit, with voices which harmonize well with the others.

Two excellent amateur singers—sisters—take the soprano and contralto parts in choir number two, and are balanced in tenor and bass by Messrs. T. WILSON and J. CLARK. The whole form a very effective choir, and as an evidence of their capabilities we will simply state the fact that they occasionally sing a full verse without any accompaniment whatever, making all the harmonies and modulations in perfect tune and keeping accurate time together.

The style of the music is left (as it should be) to the judgment and discretion of the organist and leader, who shows excellent taste in his selections, and makes use of such works as the "Grace Church Collection," "Church and Home," "Cantus Ecclesiæ," and "Tuckerman's Collection," together with the music, selections and adaptations from the works of the great composers, arranged by himself.

In singing the last hymn, which is usually some plain, old-fashioned melody, the congregation unite with the choir—a practice recently introduced at the instance of the pastor, who is an enthusiastic and devoted admirer of the "art divine."

Mr. Sharland, the organist, who has been an amateur musician for many years, and has now adopted it as a profession, is doubtless well known to many of our Boston readers. He has had considerable experience as an organist, and for the past six or seven years has officiated in this capacity at the West Church—rather an unusual circumstance, by the way. He is a very thorough musician, and that he possesses a considerable knowledge of harmony and contrapuntal science, in addition to an exquisite taste and great natural talent, is abundantly shown by the ability displayed in the construction of his *extempore* voluntaries and interludes. The building up of this choir and the elevation of the music to its present high standard are the result of his indefatigable efforts, and he has now the satisfaction of having at command a choir capable of performing their sacred duties in a manner worthy of the worship of God in His Sanctuary.

STOCKHOLM.—Herr Ignaz Lachner, who is now appointed conductor at the Stadttheatre, in Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, after having acted as conductor in the Theatre Royal of this city for the space of three years, wielded the *bâton* here for the last time in the opera of *Guillaume Tell*. After the performance, Herr A. Randel, the composer, presented him, on the part of the band, with a large silver goblet, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Herr Ignaz Lachner, Conductor and Knight of various orders, by his friends, the members of the Royal Orchestra, Stockholm, the 22d June, 1861." Herr Strandberg then presented him, in the name of the members of the Operatic Company, with a brilliant ring, on which was inscribed in Swedish, "Minne af Stockholms Scens lyriska Artister" (A memento from the lyrical Artists of the Theatre, Stockholm).

WEIMAR, AUGUST 13, 1861.—Three weeks ago we went a little journey a few miles into the country, to Schwartzburg, one of the most beautiful points in the famous scenery of Thuringia. But none of the scenery in this part of Germany is to be compared with much we have at home, even with the little I have seen of American scenery. Of course we cannot expect here the grandeur of our New Hampshire mountains, these being poor little dwarf hills at best—but it is a little annoying to have the Germans look around at you with such an air of satisfaction, and say, "Well now, isn't that a great deal nicer than anything you ever saw at home?" This journey which we made the other day, was, I must say, the most comfortable of any I ever took. The finest portion was some six or seven miles of walking, over a mountain and through a lovely valley lined on either side by high hills and precipices. The way through the latter was bordered with large trees and followed by a clear cool stream, and though it was a warm summer day we were quite protected from the heat, and at liberty to enjoy the scenery without being obliged to swelter for it. That I call travelling for pleasure. A great deal that goes by that name is in reality harder work, than any of us would do at home without complaining bitterly. The mountain, too, over which we climbed was equally obliging in respect to trees along the path, and we had the addition of cool moss for the feet the whole way. Arriving at the highest point, we got a pretty view of the surrounding mountains and valleys with the little village of Schwartzburg, with its houses dropped in amongst the hills and its castle in the middle, so surrounded by verdure that it looked from where we stood like a child's baby house set in fresh green moss. When we reached Schwartzburg we visited this castle, which is very old, and once belonged to one of the rulers of Sachsen who was poisoned by his wife, a Mrs. Gardner of old. (By the way what has become of Mrs. Gardner?) In the castle we were shown the usual set of curiosities which all well bred castles are presumed to have on hand, i. e., the bed of Martin Luther, the boots which Gustavus Adolphus wore at the battle of Lützen, and the horse-shoe which John the Strong snapped between his fingers. These curiosities, I may safely say, I have been shown in every castle I ever visited in Germany. This one had some articles new to me, for instance the sword of Bernard of Weimar, really a beautiful thing, quantities of guns and pistols, shields and helmets belonging to other old heroes, which I could not help admiring for their beauty of workmanship, even when my incredulity would not admit of my doing so on account of their exceedingly doubtful owners. If Gustavus Adolphus did really wear every pair of boots at the battle where he was killed, which are shown for his, he must have paid a great deal more attention to his dress that day than great generals would be presumed to pay at such a time.

I must tell you about the Artist's Festival here. It was a great affair. Musicians came from all parts of Germany. Composers, pianists, violinists, teachers, every one who had anything to do with music. Liszt kept open house, and some of the most noted musicians who lived with him, were Wagner, the great German composer, Dreyse, Bilow, and Jaell. Wagner has been living in Switzerland since 1848, having been exiled from Germany for having taken part in the revolution. He made a little speech at a supper while here, and told how homesick he had been in foreign lands, and how glad he was to get back among German friends again. He has been pardoned. The festival lasted four days; there being three concerts and three full rehearsals. Sunday, the first day, a Mass of Beethoven was performed in the church. A chorus of about two hundred, I should think an orchestra of half the number, and very good solos by singers from Berlin, Leipzig and here. Nothing in America can compare with

the chorus singing here. The reason is, not that the voices are better, for the contrary is the fact, but they are better drilled. American chorus societies do not think it necessary to practice much. They suppose if they can read the music, that is enough, while here they practice every chorus over and over again. I presume the Weimar Society have been rehearsing for this festival for the last six months. The Germans have a great many boys in their choruses. The effect is very fine, and little bits of boys are trained to sing the high parts, and sing with a sweetness and accuracy unrivalled by any lady's voice. They are usually poor boys, who receive a musical education in return for their services. When their voices are worn out, which is the case after a few years, they study some instrument or compose. The second concert was in the theatre, and was devoted to Liszt's symphonies, Prometheus and Faust. The two took up the evening. No one could listen to these works without feeling that Liszt is a great composer, and that some day, probably not till after his death, the talk will be of Liszt and his works, instead of as it now is, Liszt and his playing. A pianist has only a short reputation. In a hundred years everybody is dead who has heard and can tell of his performances, but a composer lives forever, in his works. Liszt seems to be ambitious of an eternal fame, and he will certainly get it. His music is very hard to understand, and must be heard several times before one likes it very much, but it is very elaborate and full of thought. It has a great many enemies now. The third concert was also in the theatre, and the programme was made up of manuscript works of living German composers. Most of them were there, and directed their own pieces. Some of it was good and some bad. At this concert, Tausig, a young pianist from Vienna, played a concerto of Liszt's very finely. I, together with every one else, had free tickets to all the rehearsals and concerts and enjoyed it very much. And now I have come to the bad part of my story. Liszt has left Weimar, it is said forever. He went a few days after the festival. I went to see him a day or two before he left. He was very friendly, asked me what I played, and said if he had time he would call and hear me play. He advised me to go to Berlin, and take lessons of his son-in-law, Hans von Bülow. I asked him if there was no prospect of his coming back, and he smiled and shook his head—said he should stay a month or two in Germany, and then go to Italy and perhaps Greece. But to-day I have heard that there is some prospect of his coming back, after all. The Grand Duke has made him lord chamberlain as a last resort to induce him to remain. It is a terrible loss to Weimar. Her only great man is gone now; fifty years ago nearly all the genius of Germany was centred in this little city, when Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and Herder made it their home.—*

MUSIC.—The war has injured the business of nearly every one to a certain degree, and trade of all kinds, in consequence, has greatly decreased. However, we have noticed with pleasure, that the old and firmly established house of OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston, issues even more than their usual quantity of music, and continues to publish without being affected by the common cry of "no business doing."

It is really astonishing when we come to look over the catalogue of this great publishing establishment, to see the heavy expense they have been put to, in publishing Operas, Oratorios, Sonatas, Symphonies, Cantatas, and all the different compositions of the great masters. But, the reward of such daring enterprise is being fully reaped by them, as their sales in both Europe and America are enough to encourage even more strenuous efforts to give the world the best music at the lowest prices. Ditson & Co. cannot help succeeding, in spite of all opposition, for they are acknowledged to be the most enterprising and successful music publishers in the world.—*Fitzgerald's City Item.*

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